

# While my Lady Sleepeth

## SERENADE

From the Spanish by LOCKHART

Music by

Geo. Bowes & Co.

Stackpole Sc.

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1860  
BOWE

## WHILE MY LADY SLEEPETH.

## SERENADE.

Words From Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads."

Music by GEORGE BOWERYEM.

Voice.

Piano

Forte.

Andantino.

Ritard:

While my la-dy sleep-eth, The dark blue heaven is bright; . . .

Soft the moonbeam creep-eth Round her bower all night. Thou

*the bower all night  
the moonbeam soft and bright  
the dark blue heaven is bright  
the soft moonbeam creeps all night*

3

gentle gentle breeze!

While my la — dy slumbers, Waft

Light — ly thro' the trees

Echoes of my numbers, Her dreaming ear to

please, Her dreaming ear to please.

Ritard.

2

Should ye, breathing numbers,  
That for her I weave,  
Should ye break her slumbers,  
All my soul would grieve.  
Rise on the gentle breeze,  
And gain her lattice' height,  
O'er yon poplar trees,  
But be your echoes light  
As hum of distant bees.

3

All the stars are glowing,  
In the gorgeous sky,  
In the stream, scarce flowing,  
Mimic lustres lie.  
Blow, blow, thou gentle breeze!  
But bring no cloud to hide,  
Their dear resplendencies,  
Nor chase from Zata's side  
Dreams bright and pure as these.

